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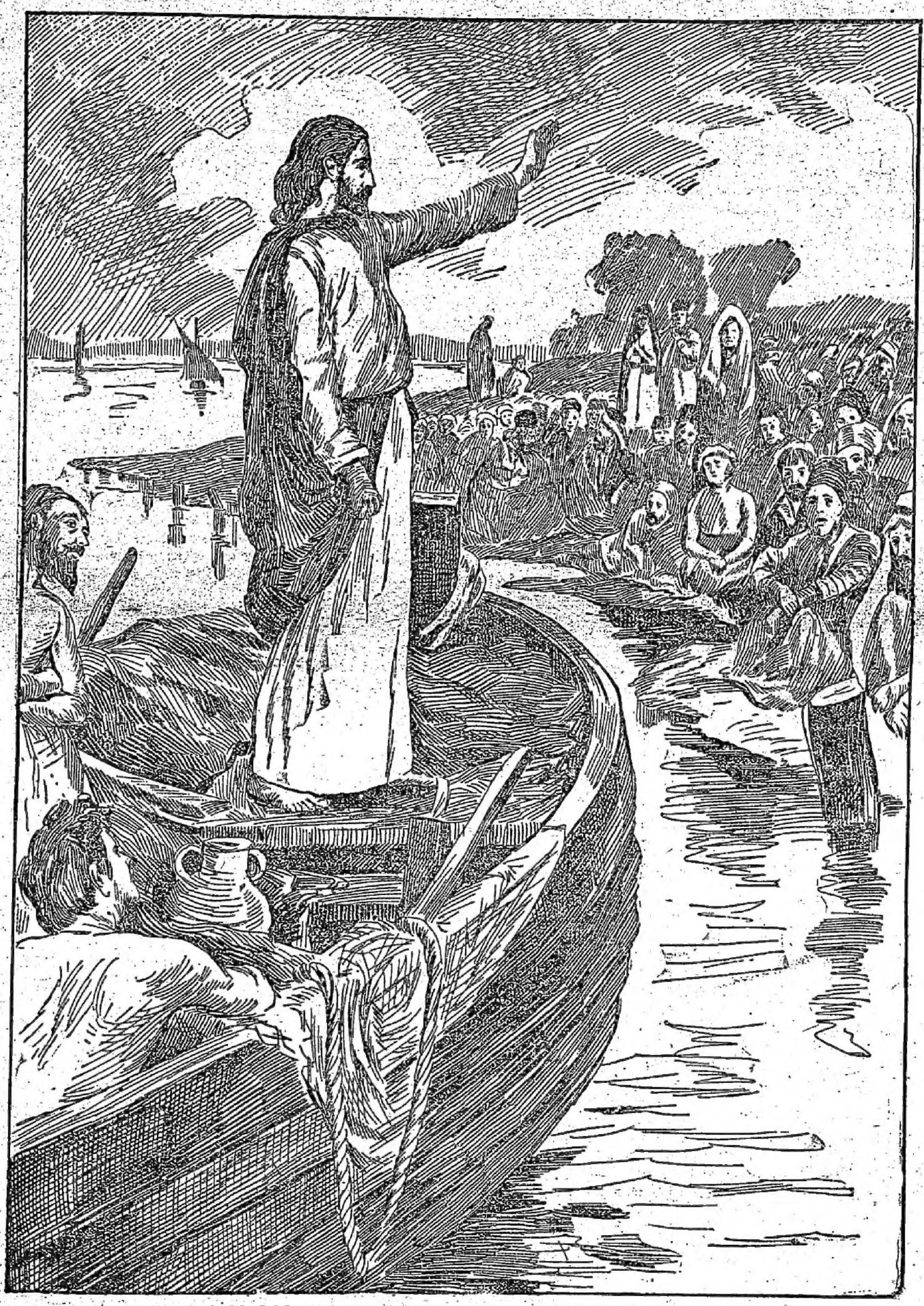

A TALK BY THE SEA.—From 'British Workman.'

A Parable by the Seaside.

(By Mark Guy Pearse.)

The Lord Jesus Christ was very fond of the seaside. He liked the freedom of it; he liked the beauty of it. Many of the most striking incidents of his life occurred in the villages about the coast or on the sea itself. He liked the people, their simplicity, their freedom from the haughty ways of the city, their courage, their devotion. To-day, let us imagine ourselves by the sea-side, and following the example of the Blessed Master—to sit down by the seaside.

'And he began again to teach by the sea-side: And there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship and sat in the sea. . . . And he taught them many things by parables'; that is, told them stories, 'earthly stories with heavenly meaning,' so the little maiden called them. Away behind him the hill rises covered with flowers; here and there a little patch of cultivated land wherein the sower casts his seed. Along the deep blue waters the villages cluster, the white houses standing out sharp and clear. At his feet the waves gently ripple to the shore; on the pebble ridge are all the belongings of the fisher-folks—the boats, the nets, the ropes. Away on the sea are the fishing-boats, their sails reflected in the still water, and about them on every side are the birds. Around him are gathered the multitude—sturdy men and comely women, and bright-faced little children.

Now for us, as for them, there wait many parables at the seaside if we have but ears to hear.

Some years ago I was going along the north coast of Cornwall—the grandest bit of coast God ever made, as we Cornish folk think. Below there stretched the cliffs, a good three hundred feet—here a rugged mass of stone reared itself like a castle fronting the fierce Atlantic; here was a sheer descent where some mass had fallen and swept down to the waves below; here it was hollowed out into a little grassy spot, where the patches of furze lit it up with gold, and the purple heather and many another flower made it beautiful. Far down below the great waves dashed in thunder and shot up in columns of spray. Then the cliff rounded and sank away into a little bay with stretch of beach, where the water changed from indigo to vivid green as the waves swept far up the yellow sands.

A little way from the shore was a group of black rocks, about which the breakers foamed and surged. Far away, up and down the coast, stood out the headlands that do shut the helpless ships as in a trap when the north-west gales sweep the coast.

Here it was that we sat together, my good friend and I, whilst he told me his story.

'You see that group of rocks out there,' he began, pointing to the spot; 'well, it happened there. It was one November day; a tremendous gale had been blowing all night, and when I went out in the morning I saw a barque off the coast. If the wind held where it was I knew there was nothing for it but her coming ashore. I got on my horse and galloped off to the coastguard station, and they got ready to come off at once, whilst I hurried back again as fast as I could. To and fro she drove, nearer and nearer, until we saw that she would come in right there. The coastguard got out the rocket-apparatus and made ready to fire as soon as she struck. Presently a great sea lifted her right on to the rocks and then went back, leaving her perched up there high and dry. You could see the poor fellows huddled together, frightened out of their wits, as well they might be.

'The mortar was fired at once, and the first shot just carried the rope right across the rigging. But, bless you! as soon as ever the fellows heard the gun fire every man rushed as hard as he could into the forecastle and shut the door. They thought we were a set of savages trying to kill them, that we might take the ship and the cargo. It was a sight to see. There was the rope hanging over them; there was the apparatus all ready to save them, and every one of us ready to risk his life to help them, and they thinking that we wanted to kill them!

'Well, presently, the sea began to boil again, and the great waves came sweeping about her. I knew that she couldn't stand that very long. What could we do? It was just enough to make a man go mad—to see the rope dangling within reach of them, and the great seas ready to sweep them all away; and they all trembling down in the forecastle, cursing us for a set of Cornish wreckers. What more could we do? And in a few minutes they must all be swept away.

'We just stood and looked down upon the ship, every one of us, feeling as miserable as we could live, that they should be such fools. At last one of the coastguard could stand it no longer. He laid hold of the rope and swung himself hand over hand and got on board, and taking hold of the directions he ran up to the forecastle and shouted to them to open the cabin door. They were more frightened than ever, and thought the murderers had got them now. Somehow he managed to get the door open, and then he flung himself in amongst them all. "There, I've come to save you!" he cried.

'They clustered about him, and one began to explain to the others what he meant. Then one crept up on the deck and looked at the rope, and then saw the crowd on the cliff, and the coastguardsman got him to step into the buoy. Timidly, one after another crept up and watched, and they jabbered together in their lingo. Then another was drawn up in safety, and another, until they were all safe.

'They all stood on the cliff and watched the great seas rise up again, and come tearing the ship to pieces. Then they seemed to understand it all, how that we had come to save them, and not to kill them. Their eyes filled with tears, and they turned and flung their arms about our necks and laughed, and cried, and hugged us and kissed us on both cheeks, and did not know what to do to show us how glad and thankful they were.

'Then we took them off to the farmhouses around, and got them dry things, and plenty to eat, and found a place for them to sleep in, and took all the care we could of them until they could get away. They tried to tell us with eyes and fingers and lips what they wanted to say, but all we could make out of it was this, that at first they took us for devils, but they found out that all the time we were angels.

* * * * * * *

I went on my way and turned inland, and toward my home. But the story I have never forgotten and never shall. Fools and madmen indeed! And I have seen in my dreams the rope dangling over them, and the frightened men hiding terrified from their deliverers.

So is it that the Blessed Saviour stands, looking forth upon the world which he has redeemed, and across which he has thrown the rope of mercy, binding earth to heaven. The direction is so plain; the deliverance so easy; salvation within reach. And yet how many foolish souls do hide themselves, afraid of the All-gracious Lord, as if he came to kill and not to make alive. So men go sinking down into perdition whilst Christ stands with tearful eyes, and hands outstretched to save them. 'Ye will not come *unto* me that ye might have life.'—British Workman.

Rented a Pew.

In talking with a man who was apparently all right morally and a good citizen, he said, with a great deal of pride:

'My wife belongs to the church, and some of my children; I rent a pew and help pay the pastor's salary; in fact, they could not get along very well without me. I think I do my part; I think that is all that is required of me. Yes, I am perfectly satisfied to leave it that way.'

'Do you think paying the pew rent and helping to support the pastor will take you to heaven?' was asked.

'Oh, I do not give myself any worry about that; I am thought more worthy than a good many other people, and my part is done when I pay the pew rent and the minister gets his salary, I am not worried at all.'

Very likely there are many other people just like this man who are attempting to buy their way into heaven. It would seem as if we, as Christians, should be straightforward and out-spoken to such people, for nowhere in God's Word are we told that renting a pew in a church and paying the minister's salary will take us through the gates of heaven. Many men and many women are trying to brace themselves upon this plan, and having been helping in this way, that is, in renting a pew, or perhaps in founding an asylum, or building a hospital or doing some great deed, are trying to pave their way to heaven without any repentance and forgiveness of sin through Jesus Christ.

Let us do our duty as children of God toward those who are being misled.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Praying Infidel.

I remember, says the Bishop of Saskatchewan, many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said that some years before then a humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire listening to an able discourse. To his horror he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up and said:

'My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger and I heard him scream, "O God, if I must lose my life have mercy on my soul!" I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell!'—'Christian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Emily's Opportunity.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'Opportunity to cast a beam of light on a shadowed path, to lift a little the burden resting on weary shoulders.'

'Yes, yes!' Emily Western read it to herself in a half impatient tone, 'but where are my opportunities? If I had lived in a different sort of place, where I could join women's clubs and step right into work. But what can one do here?'

Emily leaned back in the comfortable easy-chair with a great discontent in her heart. She had but lately returned from a four years' course at school, and was anxious to carry on some of her favorite pursuits, and

'EMILY LEANED BACK IN THE COMFORTABLE EASY CHAIR.'

still to give attention to some of the studies in which she had taken much interest. More than all, she did in very truth desire in some way to show her love for the Lord who had but lately claimed her for his own child. For this she was seeking her 'opportunity.' But with no one to share her studies, her interest had flagged, and often the wish would arise — If she could go away from home, where openings are plenty, chances waiting for those who sought them.

But it was of no use to think of it. The coming back of the only daughter of the home had been hailed with delight as a joy and a blessing. The idea of her again leaving father and mother and the boys was one which would never be listened to.

'Is your mother home to-day, Miss Emily?'

'She's not here just now, Mrs. Murphy,' said Emily, as she stood at the door a few minutes later.

The face of the woman who looked up at her well matched the meek pathetic voice. Emily knew Mrs. Murphy as the hard-worked, struggling mother of a large family.

'Wouldn't I do as well, Mrs. Murphy?' she asked.

'Perhaps, so, Miss Emily, but it isn't much. I was just stopping to ask would your mother buy a mess of dandelion greens for dinner? Poor little Larry—he's the crippled one, Miss Emily—he can't get about much, but he's been creepin' about the vacant lot near and picked a mess, and the b'y 'ud be out of himself intirely if he could sell 'em.'

'Yes, we'll take them,' said Emily. 'How are all at home?' she went on, a warmth at her heart at sight of the pleased look on the worn face.

'Well, Miss, they're pickin' up since the chills, now the dry weather's comin' on. An' I was goin' to say to your mother would she please be on the look-out for a place for Katie. It's a smart, lively little thing she is, and aisy to teach—an' it's a great help it would be to me to have her makin' her own way.'

'I'll tell her, Mrs. Murphy. Yes—I'm sure Katie will do well.'

Emily felt more contented after Mrs. Murphy went her way. It had been an opportunity, this speaking a kindly word to the overburdened woman—a very slight one, yet still an opportunity.

'I suppose one might be satisfied with even small doings, if they only come in one's way,' she mused. 'But they so rarely do in such a place as this. I'm going out to inquire about a place for Katie. It seems as though the Hills or the Carters might like such a girl.'

An hour later Emily sat in the garden, discouraged and depressed. Neither the Hills nor the Carters needed the small girl, nor the one or two others whom she had asked.

Movements inside the house showed that her mother had also returned, and she went in to speak to her.

'You look tired, mother,' she said. Leave this for awhile and come out in the garden.'

'I'm afraid I haven't time, dear.'

'Yes, you have. I'll finish this by-and-by,' taking from her hand the duster. 'Come out; I want you,' she went on as her mother was seated, 'to tell me if you can think of a place for little Katie Murphy.'

Mother leaned wearily back in her chair, 'I can't just now, dear. But we'll keep it in mind, and watch for chances——'

'O mother!' Emily broke in with the excitement of a new thought. 'I have a splendid idea. Let us have Katie here. 'I've noticed ever since I came home that we need more help, and Katie would give just the help required.

Emily paused as her mother shook her head. 'We cannot afford to keep more than one girl.'

'Of course not—two regular girls. But this is different. Mrs. Murphy would expect such small pay for Katie. A mere trifle each week.'

'And her board, which must be counted in.'

'Well,' said Emily, with some impatience, 'I've heard you say, mother, it is the duty of people who live in the enjoyment of a comfortable home to extend its comforts as far as possible; to feel glad to have the shelter of their roof—well—taking in as many as—'

Mother smiled as Emily stumbled over the sentiment she wished to impress upon her parent, but the smile had no mirth in it.

'You are right, my daughter, I do think so. But that does not alter the fact that we cannot keep any more help.'

Emily gazed at her mother with the keenness of half-awakened perception. Mother looked worn and old—how came it that she had not noticed it before? There was a sadness on her face, too; and could that which mingled with it be an expression of disappointment?

'Sit still, mother,' she said, as mother presently arose from her seat.

'I have plenty to see to in the house, my daughter,' she said gently. 'I am sorry I cannot help you in your chance for an opportunity.'

An opportunity! In a flash before the eyes of Emily's conscience arose a picture of her true opportunity—here, under this roof, which already gave gracious shelter to so many, was not here full occupation for willing hands moved by a loving heart?

Emily fled to her own room.

'I do not like it. It is not what I want to do. It is dull, humdrum, I hate the narrow life and the homely work. But—will not it bear its reward?'

Those who have wisely discerned their opportunity in the blessed small ministrations which brighten the life of loved ones can testify to the grace bestowed for the daily need, and to the exceeding greatness of the reward.—'Silver Link.'

A Good Example.

'It seems like taking something of a risk.'

'Yet I think Peyton can be trusted to be true to his principles.'

Mr. and Mrs. Miner were having a consultation, the subject of which was their son Peyton, aged twelve. He had received an invitation to spend the first part of his summer vacation with friends living in a village twenty-five miles distant from the city in which he and his parents had a home.

'The Randalls are very kind, but you know they are not professing Christians,' urged Mrs. Miner. 'I'm afraid that they may not help Peyton to do right.'

'Their son William is a member of our Christian Endeavor Society and has a class in Sunday-school. Didn't you say that he was to act as Peyton's escort?'

'Yes. The plan is for them to travel to

Elmwood on their wheels. It would be a pleasant ride for them.'

'Very pleasant. I think we would better allow Peyton to go. William Randall seems to me to be a very fine young man.'

So the matter was settled, and Saturday of the same week saw the young man and the boy setting forth on their trip.

It was a bright day in the early part of June. Fields and woods were in their most beautiful array, and everything was favorable for the ride. They had chosen the afternoon for their journey, and it was toward evening when they entered the village of Elmwood, where a cordial greeting and a good night's rest awaited them.

Felton, the younger son of the family, was near Peyton's age, and it had been arranged for the two boys to room together.

When they awoke on Sunday morning Peyton carefully dressed himself in his best clothes, which had been forwarded by express.

'You needn't be so careful, old fellow,' said Felton, observing the nicety of his companion's toilet. 'We're not very particular here in the matter of dress.'

'But aren't you going to church this morning?'

'Oh, it is Sunday, isn't it? I'd forgotten that altogether. Of course, I'll go if you want to, but I'm afraid that we'll be the only ones in our pew.'

Peyton was quite surprised at hearing this, for in his own home church-going was as regular as the coming of Sunday itself. Yet he wisely made no reply. He had awakened at his ordinary time, and he and Felton soon made their way to the front piazza, which was then a perfect bower of roses. There they waited a full hour for the ringing of the breakfast bell, which was followed about fifteen minutes later by the appearance of Mrs. Randall, clad in a morning gown of thin fabric.

'Good morning, Peyton. ,Good morning Felton. You are very active this morning. I think you ought to have a reward for promptness, so I shall give you the two prettiest roses I can find. You seem to be ready for church. I wish I were, but I hardly feel like making the exertion of dressing on such a warm morning as this. Come in to breakfast now. We'll not wait for the others.'

The three sat down to partake of a tempting breakfast, which was preceded by silent grace. Peyton missed the sound of his father's voice asking for a blessing upon the food, and this gave him a feeling of homesickness which he bravely strove to overcome.

When Mrs. Peyton and the boys were nearly through with their meal William entered the breakfast room in his bicycle suit. 'I see that you are planning another ride,' said his mother. 'Hardly; I think I will rest today,' was the reply, 'but I awoke so late that I donned the nearest things I could find. They'll do as well as anything else to lounge in. We've been working so hard in the store lately that I am ready to begin my vacation by resting.'

Peyton was wondering when the head of the family might appear, but he was not destined to see him that morning. Mr. Randall was in the habit of spending the first half of the Lord's Day in bed, something altogether unheard-of by the young visitor.

So it came to pass that Felton's prophecy proved true. He and Felton were the only representatives of the family at church. The day was wonderfully fair, the walk most beautiful, the service helpful to all who attended it. How strange that some should choose to absent themselves from it!

When the boys returned from church they found Mrs. Randall reading a novel; her husband engrossed with a Sunday paper; the elder son playing with a kitten.

It all seemed very queer to Peyton, the boy with a Christian training.

'I think you told me that you have Sunday-school in the afternoon,' he said to Felton, as they sat down on the shady side of the piazza.

'Well, yes, we do, but I don't always go. In fact, I don't go very often. Mother isn't particular about it.'

'Will you go with me to-day?'

'Why, yes, of course, if that's the sort of thing you like. I suppose you'd like to look at a lesson paper. I'll try to hunt mine up, but I can't remember when I had it.'

A prolonged search resulted in the finding of Felton's bible under a sofa pillow, and in it the lesson paper.

The two boys studied faithfully together until they were summoned to dinner.

'Do you know you're a kind of a missionary?' said Felton to his visitor as they laid aside the bible. 'I don't believe that I've studied my Sunday-school lesson before in six months.'

'I should think you would miss it,' was Peyton's quiet reply.

In the afternoon the two friends started off as they had agreed. Mr. and Mrs. Randall watched them until they turned the nearest corner. 'That little fellow makes me ashamed of myself,' confided Mrs. Randall to her husband. 'He seems to do his duty as a matter of course. I wish I were so conscientious.'

'Then suppose we go to church this evening. Probably the boy will think it right to go, and we mustn't act as if we were heathen.'

Mrs. Randall was surprised at this proposition. When had her husband ever suggested going to a church service before? It had always been she who had made the proposition when it was made at all.

Mr. Randall replied to her questioning look. 'No wonder that you are surprised, Nellie, but the fact is that when I was a boy my mother taught me to go to church regularly. I'm ashamed when I think how I have given up the habit. You and I are not setting a good example to our sons in this matter, Nellie.'

No more was said on the subject at that time. After supper Mr. Randall asked of Felton, 'Are you going to take your company to church again?'

'Yes, sir. He wants to go.'

'Your mother and I will accompany you. We're not going to let you little fellows outdo us altogether.'

William, who heard the conversation, now joined in, 'Then I must go to church, too. I can't be the only one of the family to stay at home.'

So Peyton had let his light shine all day, and his good example was already being followed.

Is it not an important thing for a boy to be true to his Christian principles.—Mary J. Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Right Bent.

(By L. Eugenie Eldridge.)

In my native town, years ago, a group of merry children were busy with play. Henry Worth, son of Judge Worth, the village magnate, halted a moment to ask of the others 'What they had decided to do for a living?' This question, so unique, and at once so typical, arrested my attention. I was the school teacher at the time, and these boys my pupils, therefore I waited with some interest the answer.

'Say, boys,' again shouted Henry, 'what are you fellows going to do to earn money when you are men? You know the teacher tells us almost every day we shall soon be men. For my part, I mean to get money. Tell you, boys, money's the thing I mean to have, "hook or crook!"'

'Hook or Crook!' That sounded the keynote. Henry was that in school; what he could not readily obtain by fair means, he meant to win by foul.

'Yes, money,' answered Frank Harris, an open-faced, blue-eyed boy; 'but my mother says you must have the right bent about everything you do.'

Frank's mother was a widow, poor in this world's goods, but possessing a goodly inheritage of truth and honesty.

'Well, money's my motto,' answered Henry; 'and money I mean to have. That talk about "bent" is all nothing. Money's the thing!'

The years passed on, as years must, fairly ran away with each other, till a score had been numbered since the talk of the boys in the school yard. During this time I had always been living in a distant city, now I had returned for a long stay at home, as I still loved to call the old town.

Naturally my questions led to my old pupils. They were scattered far and near, but Judge Worth's son, Henry Worth, was in town, living in fine style, they told me, in a big house on the hill. His wife was the most fashionably arrayed woman the place afforded, his horses fleet, his children enjoying luxuries money brought; but a sigh now and then escaped the speaker, and I noticed a certain want of respect in tone and manner.

'What is his business?' I asked. 'How does he support this establishment?'

'He sells rum!'

The words fell from the speaker's lips like coals of fire.

'Yes,' she repeated, 'sells liquors of all kinds and descriptions to everybody—little boys and old men. Many a young man has he ruined in this town, and many a mother's curse has fallen upon him. But he says it brings money, and money is his one object.'

I remembered the conversation long years before in the school yard; Henry was indeed getting money, but the 'bent' was surely in the wrong direction.

'What of Frank Harris?' I asked.

'Frank Harris—God bless him!' said the lady. 'He's been the salvation of this town as far as it's saved from that dreadful rum shop of Worth's. The temperance society was formed by him, and many has he induced to take the pledge and helped to keep it. But Frank's making money, too; not by demoralizing those about him, though! You know he studied civil engineering, and now he has a government contract for a large piece of surveying in the West. He is leading the chain across the Rockies, and my Sam is with him. Sam's a good boy, if I do say it; but where he would have been if Henry Worth had had his way, I can't say. With Frank Harris I can trust him. Only yesterday he wrote Frank would one day be a rich man, and one we should all be proud of. A man of strict integrity and principle like Frank was the kind wanted to send on this business for the government—straightforward, upright, and not bought or sold.'

The mother's teaching, I caught myself thinking, has not been in vain. The good seed has taken root, and the fruitage is shown in Frank's life. The right 'bent' tells, money or no money.'—'Good Words.'

The Everett's 'Marriage Settlement.'

(Rev. Frederic Wagstaff.)

If the preparations for a marriage in humble life excite less public attention than those among the wealthy and titled classes, there is none the less interest felt among those who are directly concerned. Hence, the fact that Edward Everett, the young carpenter, was shortly to marry Lucy Forbes, the turnpike-keeper's daughter, afforded ample material for gossip among the good folks in the village of Colebrook. Not a few worthy souls asserted that Lucy might have done better than marry a journeyman carpenter, since it was well known that Farmer Bruce's son had offered his hand, and that young Everett had had another rival in the person of Tom Francis, whose father kept the 'Colebrook Arms,' and who was himself expected shortly to succeed to the freehold of that highly respectable roadside inn, the elder Francis being well advanced in years and of feeble health.

That Lucy Forbes should have given both these suitors a flat refusal, in favor of the carpenter, was a puzzle to more than one village gossip, though every one admitted that Tom Francis was likely to risk the repute of the old tavern, when his father's death left him free to entertain his sporting friends from the next town, and though every one was equally ready to shake his head when the young farmer returned at unseemly hours from the weekly market. On the other hand, every one in the place was constrained to approve young Everett's character for steadiness, the more so as he had for several years maintained his widowed mother. Still the aforesaid worthies persisted in their opinion that Lucy might have 'done better,' that opinion being greatly influenced by a prevalent impression as to the turnpike-keeper having saved a few pounds, the possession of which invested him with the reputation of a capitalist—evidently deserving of something better than a carpenter for a son-in-law. However, the matter was settled, and in another month the wedding was to come off in Colebrook Church.

Long before the month expired, a new feature of interest was imported into the case. Edward Everett, returning from the town one day, had told his betrothed that he had been to order his 'mariage settlement' to be prepared. Lucy, who had never heard or read of such a thing, except in connection with the weddings of people of property, was naturally somewhat curious to know what her lover meant; but not a word of explanation would the young fellow give. Pouting and persuasion, smiles and frowns, were equally unavailing; and neither to the young woman herself nor to her parents would Edward give any other reply than—

'Stop till our wedding-day, and you'll see I've told the truth. I'm having a "marriage settlement" prepared, and when we're married I'll give it my wife, who'll be the proper owner.'

Many were the jests uttered at Everett's expense, as the story of his 'marriage settlement' became known in the village, and more than one person plainly called the intended bridegroom a fool, while some hinted to the bride that she was being tricked. Lucy replied to all these friendly suggestions, by shaking her head, and declaring unabated faith in her swain.

'It was,' she said, laughing, 'enough to vex any one that Ted should talk such nonsense, and refuse to say what he meant by it; but then, let people wait till they were married, and let them see whether she would not pay him out for it.'

Thus the time passed by, and the wedding morn arrived.

Imitating his wealthier neighbors, John Forbes prepared a substantial meal as the wedding breakfast, and the young couple were to go away for three or four days to spend their short honeymoon at an old farmhouse twenty miles off, with the bridegroom's uncle. The wedding ceremony over, and the guests assembled round the hospitable table, a cry was raised for Ted Everett's 'marriage settlement.' Even the hunger of those who had come farthest to be present on the occasion was less powerful than their curiosity. Old John Forbes himself heartily entered into the spirit of the joke, and declared that he would not allow Ted to taste 'bite or sup' till the long-treasured secret was all explained.

Thus driven to bay, young Everett could hold out no longer, but unlocking an old chest, which stood ready packed for the coming journey, he took out a small parcel, and handed it to his blushing bride. With trembling fingers Lucy untied the cord that bound it, and lo! there appeared, carefully wrapped in paper, a small but neat frame, surrounding an illuminated pledge-card, containing the following words:—

'I hereby solemnly declare that from and after my wedding day I will never taste any kind of intoxicating drink, nor use tobacco. —Edward Everett.'

Words would fail to convey any adequate sense of the scene that followed. The guests roared with laughter, and even the most good-natured among them could not resist the temptation to rally poor Lucy most unmercifully on the way she was being 'sold.' For the moment it seemed almost as if the harmony of the occasion was likely to be endangered, but the young wife, though evidently disappointed that nothing better had come of the wonderful secret, appeared so merry over the affair that good humor speedily prevailed.

'Who'd have thought of you turning teetotaler?' said one guest, taking up a glass of home-made wine as he did so, to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom.

'And to give up smoking, too,' added another.

'Ted likes his glass and pipe too well to stick to that long,' chimed in a third.

'No, no,' rejoined John Forbes. 'Ted has never been one of them sort that like their glass much, I know. No one ever saw him the worse for drink.'

'Oh, I didn't mean anything o' that sort,' was the hasty explanation of the one who had spoken. 'What I mean is that Ted knows when to take it, and when to leave it; but, as for a pipe, I'm sure he can smoke as well as any of us, and like it, too.'

'What's Ted got to say for himself?' asked one guest who had not yet spoken.

'Ay, let's hear Ted! A speech from Ted Everett!' cried one and another, and amid much thumping on the table, the young carpenter was called upon to explain.

'Well, friends,' he said—declining sundry invitations to mount the table, and several other facetious suggestions—'I'm no hand at speech-making, but I'll tell you my mind on this subject, if you'll listen to it. I've been thinking about it a goodish bit for these many weeks, and, to tell you the truth, I made up my mind to it that very night as I was walking home, after Lucy's father and mother there had agreed that we should get married to-day. I've often thought I'd like to be a rich man for Lucy's sake, for I'm sure she deserves to have a good home, if anybody does. Well, as you all know, I've got no fortune to give her, but I've got a comfortable home, and Lucy is agreeable that my poor old mother should end her days with us, and the house is big enough for all three. But, as I was saying, I'd been turning this over in my mind a good bit, and it seemed to me that even the little I've ever spent on tobacco and drink would go a long way to make Lucy a richer wife. So that's how I made up my mind to what I call a "marriage settlement." If I'd a fortune, I'd settle it all on Lucy, but as I haven't, I can only give her what I've got. That card, with God's blessing, guarantees my wife a sober husband, and I'm much mistaken if that isn't something worth more than money.'

The speaker paused a while, and then proceeded, with a slight blush on his face:

'There's another thing I've thought of, friends, but somehow I didn't like to put it on that card; it would seem as if I was making a parade. But when I'd signed that pledge, I thought of something higher and better even than sobriety, and that's religion. I mean, with God's help, that my wife should have a Christian for her husband; and I think you'll agree with me that if we can start in life with religion and sobriety that will be better than riches.'

The wedding guests could not deny the truth of this, and while many of them in their secret hearts thought Ted was making a fool of himself to give up his pipe and beer, the whole company loudly cheered his speech and joined in good wishes for the future health and happiness of the newly wedded pair.

Months passed by, and Ted Everett's 'marriage settlement' was seldom thought of or spoken about, though the 'settlement' itself was hung up over the mantel shelf in the little parlor, which Lucy kept as trim and as neat as the grandest drawing-room in the land.

Twelve months passed, and a little son had come to gladden the home of the young couple, whose pride in their new possession was scarcely greater than that of Ted's mother, who never wearied of nursing her grandchild. To celebrate the anniversary of their wedding, Everett had invited Lucy's parents, and the group sat around the fire to chat as the evening wore away. The talk naturally turned on the incidents of the year before, and on the 'marriage settlement.'

'Look here, Lucy,' said her husband, producing a small box which she had never seen before, 'here's the first year's money under your 'marriage settlement.' I used to smoke about half an ounce of tobacco a week; that cost me three halfpence. Then I generally spent about a shilling a week—not more—for beer. Ever since we married, I put by that sum into this box, and here's your little property.'

The young wife laughed at the idea of her having 'property,' but was none the less delighted as her husband turned out the contents of the box into her lap—amounting in the whole to two pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence. Even old Forbes himself, 'capitalist' though he was, and accustomed to handling money and keeping accounts connected with the turnpike gate, expressed surprise that such weekly trifles should tell up to such an amount in the year.

'What shall we do with it?' asked Lucy.

'What you like, my dear Lucy; remember it's yours, not mine.'

'Let's put it in the bank in baby's name,' said Lucy; and the suggestion was agreed to, and forthwith carried out.

Twenty years have passed since baby first became a depositor in the savings' bank; but great changes have been wrought since then. A good workman, who is sober and steady is seldom out of a situation, and Ted Everett could always command good wages. In due time an opportunity presented itself

for going into business on his own account; and though the beginning was small, there is not a more thriving concern in the town to-day than that which, when 'baby' comes of age next year, is to be known as the firm of 'Everett & Son.' When Lucy's father died—following her mother some year or two—the old turnpike-keeper bequeathed his little store (some £300) to his only child. Ted's mother, dying full of years, had nothing to leave but her blessing. Frugality and industry, with the Divine blessing upon an upright Christian life, have resulted in great prosperity, and thousands know the story of Mr. Everett's career. He never aspires to the dignity of an orator, but at many a temperance meeting he has told, in simple words, the tale of his own life, and always urges young men about to marry to follow his example,and sign a pledge against both drink and tobacco—not forgetting, you may be sure, an earnest word on behalf of religion—as a 'marriage settlement.'—'Temperance Truths.'

One Woman's Experience in Tithing.

(By a Deaconess Worker.)

I was converted when a child. I was the daughter of an old-fashioned New England farmer, and had very little money to use or to spend until I began teaching. How well I remember my first school! I was paid $15 per month, and 'boarded around.' My experiences in this latter line would make a volume. I remember one of the homes at which I was entertained and at which I slept in a room not a whit warmer, I am sure, than the bitter winter cold outside. Here, early the next morning, I was invited to perform my ablutions in the presence of the whole family, in the kitchen, out of a little, black, three-legged iron kettle, resting rather insecurely on a boot-jack laid across one corner of the wood-box!

But it is not of this I am to write, but rather of my experience in tithing. I was very successful in my efforts to secure an education, teaching and studying by turns; but it was not until after my graduation at college, and after I had been receiving a good salary for some years, that my attention was first directed to this method of giving. I blush inwardly, and I hope outwardly as well, when I recall how unmovedly I used to listen to the most urgent appeals for money. Money for the missionaries abroad, money for the suffering at home by flood or famine, money for the salary of our pastor, money for Sunday-school expenses or to relieve some poor woman on the street, it was all one to me. I think I usually gave a little, a few cents; I remember once even giving more, and I never dreamed that I was not doing my whole duty; but, as I look back at it, I am sure that my giving was shamefully small in proportion to the money I was earning. Yet, as I remember, I had no uneasiness of conscience on the subject. Everybody around me gave about as I did, in a niggardly, haphazard way, and I had never heard or read the least word about giving the tenth—except, of course, in the Bible, and my eyes were holden that I did not see it there. What did I do with my wages? I do not remember distinctly. I know some went to help educate a brother, some for other general expenses, but I am sure very little of it found its way into the Lord's treasury.

One summer I attended a Sunday-school convention at a well-known resort. When there, I found myself seated in the middle of the audience, when a speaker announced as his subject, 'Proportionate Giving,' and began to argue from the Old Testament. He was rather dry in beginning, and I was decidedly bored. I looked around to see if I could get out respectably, but finding that it would attract too much attention for me to leave, I resigned myself to the inevitable. In the meantime, the speaker was warming up to his subject. I shall never forget how he quoted text after text, both from the Old and New Testament, giving us chapter and verse so we could make sure he was not misrepresenting their meaning. I gradually became very much interested, and before the lecture was over, I saw with perfect clearness that it was the duty of all who follow Christ to devote to his cause at least as much as the tenth of their entire income, and to give it regularly and systematically. To see the thing intellectually, and to act upon it as well, was the work of a half hour. Before I left my seat, I remember thinking, 'This is as clear as possible, and I will give a tenth of all I earn from this time on.'

I had just severed my connection with a school which had been paying me a good salary, and was on my way to a great city to engage in distinctly literary work during the few months of the summer vacation. I decided that I surely could not do less than tithe my last year's salary, and that gave me something to start on. During the summer I received only fifty dollars per month, but five dollars of it went regularly into the Lord's treasury. My expenses were very heavy, owing to some special demands that were made upon me, and I found for almost the first time in my life, that I was not able to buy the clothes I really needed. Many a time have I walked miles, in order to save a five-cent street car fare. My gowns were shabby, my shoes giving out; but most of all I needed a wrap for my shoulders, a little, worn, grey woollen shawl being literally all I had. When autumn came my literary engagement expired, and I found myself almost without a penny, and without work. I balanced my accounts and to my horror I found that I was about $25 in debt to the Lord. Still I did not change my plan. I do not think it ever occurred to me to do so, I had been so thoroughly convinced that it was the only right way. I simply asked God to have patience with me till I could pay the debt, and I would.

I tried to find a position as teacher, but it was too late. All positions were filled of which I had any hope. But in this emergency I received a call one Thursday evening from the superintendent of a large and very fine Normal school near. This gentleman wished to consult me about taking a position in the school. It would be difficult to imagine with what trembling hope I answered his questions, and how I tried to comport myself well, in order to meet his approval. I did not dare inquire about salary. I think I would have gratefully accepted a position at four hundred dollars a year and have boarded myself. But just as he was leaving he remarked casually, 'We pay in this position a thousand dollars a year; we ought to pay fifteen hundred, but it is the best we can do at present!' Well, to make a long story short, in four days from that time, Monday morning, I sat at the teacher's desk filling the coveted position. I must explain that the position had been filled months before, being one very much sought after, but just at the last moment, and for a purely fanciful reason, the teacher had resigned, so plain was God's hand in giving me this help.

It was, of course, very easy for me to pay my indebtedness to the Lord, and to exchange my little gray shawl, which I had been obliged to wear in rain as well as sunshine, for more suitable wraps. It was one of the great joys of my life from that time on to set aside the money month by month as I received my salary, sending it here and there as calls came to me. At first I found that I actually had to hunt around to find places for it. One of the things that used to amuse me, and yet it was pathetic, was the positive surprise manifested by collectors and others to whom it was my pleasant duty to pay portions of my tenth. They would come timidly, asking for a dollar or so, evidently expecting a rebuff, and after I had inquired into the case, and then possibly had handed them a five-dollar bill, they would sometimes almost fall off their seats with astonishment! I remember once how a gray-headed gentleman, collecting for our minister's salary, positively thanked me, almost with tears in his eyes, because I simply did not seem reluctant and unwilling when he informed me how much my assessment was. It was never any trouble for me to give, because I fully understood that I was giving money not my own. It is easy to give away other people's money. My tenth was sacredly set aside for the Lord. It was no longer mine. I knew it had to go somewhere, the only question was where to give it.

From that summer, in which I think the Lord tested me, to see whether I would live up to my agreement with him or not, I have never had any serious financial trouble. My salary was increased until it reached a point considered very large for a lady, and always without my asking for an increase. God prospered me in every way, enlarging my work and opportunities for usefulness, until he gave me this blessed call to deaconess work, and I came face to face with the question, would I give up salary altogether, in order to enter this peculiarly inviting field of work for him. But even in this matter he dealt very gently with me. The importance of the work was so much impressed upon my mind that the salary question absolutely fell into the infinitesimals beside it, and when I finally decided, it was with not the slightest regret for the money I was leaving, but rather with abounding joy that the way was opening for this larger work, which occupied the field of my vision so entirely that money considerations were completely excluded.

If my story were not so long I should be glad to speak of the spiritual blessings that have come to me in thus simply 'following on to know the Lord.' They have been abundant, over flowing. My life seems enlarged and broadened a thousandfold since those early, shameful days, when I so meanly turned a deaf ear to the appeals for money that used to come to me. God certainly began to bless me wonderfully, as I consecrated my little money to him. It is sometimes a hardship now, that I am not able to give money as I once could, and there are other things that would be called hardships by one who did not know the compensations that God gives. But I am sure that consecrated flesh and blood is harder to get in the service of the Lord, than consecrated money, and so I rejoice that he calls me now to this other giving. And 'thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.'—'The Message and Deaconess World.'

The Tree of Knowledge.

A trial was recently made in Austria to decide in how short a space of time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Elsenthal, one day, at 7.35 in the morning, three trees were sawn down; at 9.34 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, from

whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at ten o'clock.' So that in 145 minutes the tree had become newspapers. The age of miracles is not past.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

'Meg.'

She could neither read nor write and answered only to the name of 'Meg.' She was slight and small because she had been sometimes abused and always poorly fed. Her face was very freckled for a hat was not numbered among her possessions. Her hair was very red and very tousled; it was not at all pretty, for no one had ever cared for it, least of all its owner herself. Meg lived as best she could. In point of fact, she merely existed. Sometimes, perhaps, when she was very hungry, she would take an apple from the stall of the poor blind woman on the corner and would not pay for it. She could not have paid for it if she wished to, for she never had any money.

But there was one thing Meg could do, and that right well. She could sing; not the colorless repetition of some vocalists, but, when she forgot the words, she would warble like the birds, with her head saucily turned and her great gray eyes laughing with joy at the sound. To hear a song once was enough for her; she never forgot the melody.

The words might sometimes escape her memory, but she rapidly improvised others, and sang on gaily.

When Meg was about twelve years old a mission was opened near the row where she stayed most of the time; and one day as she was passing, she heard floating through the open doorway the words:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'

What it meant Meg did not know. But the old peaceful air somehow pleased her fancy, and she sang it over and over again, as she went her way, in tones clear and pure and sweet. Passers-by turned and looked at her, for Meg was so very ragged and dirty that it seemed impossible such melody could issue from her lips, but, unconscious of the incongruity, she carolled blithely on as she trudged along—whither she knew not.

Her wandering attention was soon attracted by a street-fight between two women, and pausing, she watched them, while the song rang out above their discordant cries. Having edged her way to the centre of the crowd, still singing as she went, the conflict suddenly ceased, and one of the women whose face was coarse and bleared from the effects of a constant use of liquor, came toword her, and with tense eyes listened wistfully.

At the end of the lines, only part of which Meg could remember, the woman said pleadingly:

'Go on, sis. My poor old mother, back in New England used to sing that. Go on, sissy.'

And Meg, thoughtless of anything but to please, obligingly warbled the message. The woman's hard face softened, as memories of a pure home were revived by the song, and then, covering her face, she sank on the ground and wept sobbingly. Again and again, Meg sang the old, old story, and then the woman asked tremulously:

'Where did you hear it, sis? If I'm not too bad, I'll go. For if ever there was a sinner, I'm that one. God have pity on me.'

'This way. I'll show you. Come along,' returned Meg, and taking her hand, led her toward the room where the door was always open for the rest and help of the sinsick souls of the people who entered.

With great wondering eyes, Meg watched the delicate faced, white haired woman who approached them, and in low tones spoke to them. What was said to the still sobbing woman was lost on Meg, except the one phrase: 'You know the dear Lord Jesus gave his life for you, to save you, and this little girl here.'

Meg pondered on what she had heard, and vaguely wondered who 'Jesus' was, and how he had died. She was very sure she had never seen him, and also that no one would ever die for her. She knew what death, in all its appalling dreadfulness was and could not understand why anybody would willingly seek such an end. Soon she silently slipped away, still thinking on what she had heard, and utterly unconscious of herself and surroundings. Crossing the street in front of the room, toward the row, with lowered eyes, and humming to herself the song, she heeded not the passing teams, and before she was half way across she was knocked down and run over by a heavy dray. A man who was passing, seeing the accident, hurried toward her and tenderly lifted and carried her back to the cool, pleasant room. There willing hands waited on her, for they saw she was wounded to the death.

Opening her eyes in a few moments, Meg said, softly:—

'She said "Jesus" died for me.' Then in a pitifully weak voice, she tried to sing:

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.'

But the sweet, low voice hardly carried to the opposite side of the room. Pausing a moment to rest, she said:

'She said she was a "sinner." What's that?'

The childish brain was very clear, and utterly unconscious of the pain, as is sometimes the case in a fatal injury, when the nerves are paralyzed.

With a new, happy look, the woman, standing patiently near, kneeled beside the crushed form, as it lay stretched on a bench, and whispered softly:

'Yes, little one. I was a sinner, but this Jesus took all my sins away. He can take yours, too, if you just say:—"Jesus I want you to come and stay in my heart."'

'And the "fountain"—will I be—"plunged" —in—it?' feebly, and slowly questioned the child.

'Yes, dear. Jesus will cleanse you, and make you very happy, and will take you to live with him.'

'Me?' incredulously.

'Yes, and he will love and care for you always.'

'For me?'

'Yes.'

'And wont I never be tired nor hungry, nor lonely any more?'

'No.'

'Then I'll say it,' and the voice was very low and faint. 'Jesus, I want—what's—the rest?'

'Say what you most want, dear.'

For a moment it seemed as if the child was too weak to speak again, but with a supreme effort she mastered the weariness coming over her, and said, in tones clear and sweet, but tremulous:

'Jesus. I most want to be—clean inside —and happy—like this lady looks. She says you ken do it. Here I am. And—Jesus—I—want—you—to—come—for Meg. Meg—is—so tired—now—you—know, Je-sus.'

A little quiver of the slight form, a happy smile settling over the young lips, and the watchers knew that she was at peace, and that Jesus had indeed 'come for Meg.'

And what of the woman? She still lives, born anew by the power of the Holy Spirit, and is devoting her life to work for the children of the slums in our great city, and to them she often tells the short story of Meg, who brought a soul to the blessed Christ, and then herself learned of, and received him so beautifully. Meg's life on earth is ended, but the record of her simple and responsive faith still lives, and proves that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—'Examiner.'

How Boys Will Succeed.

We advise the boys to read this little story with great care. It 'hits the nail on the head.'

A few years ago a large drug firm advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store said:

'Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small.'

'I know he is small,' said the woman, 'but he is willing and faithful.'

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he 'did not see that they wanted such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.' But after consultation, the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and discovered him busy scissoring labels.

'What are you doing?' said he; 'I did not tell you to work nights.'

'I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something.'

In the morning the cashier got orders to 'double that boy's wages, for he is willing.'

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was secured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch, when all others quit their work, he replied:

'You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay.'

Orders were immediately given once more: 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful.'

To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and next July he will become a member of the firm.—'Morning Star.'

To escape the evils arising from the use of alcohol, there is only one perfect course, namely, to abstain from alcohol altogether. No fear need be entertained of any physical or mental harm from such abstinence. Every good may be expected from it. A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe; a man or waman who indulges at all is unsafe; a man or woman who relies on alcohol is lost.—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D.,

LITTLE FOLKS

Are You Enrolled.

Living not far from us is a family of young people, three girls and a boy, whose names have been specially registered and preserved in the official records kept at that great pile of buildings on the banks of the Thames, in London, known as Somerset House. They are the children of a missionary, and though now living in England, were all born in Japan. As soon as possible after the birth of each child, their father applied to the proper officials, in the town where he resided, to have its name enrolled and forwarded to other officials in England, who would make a note of the little creature as one of the Queen's subjects. A certain fee had to be paid for this enrolment, and repeated every year to ensure a continuance of the privilege so long as the family remained abroad.

'But what was the good of it?' some one may ask. Simply this: the enrolment of these little people's names in the archives of Somerset House would be sufficient proof at any time that, Mary and Lizzie and Katie Brown, were British subjects, though living so far away from their father's native country; and if any wrong were done to them they could claim the protection, and help, and redress of the powerful empire to which they belonged. No small advantage, we can assure our readers, to sojourners in a foreign land.

But are we not all of us dwellers in a strange country? What else do we mean when we sing:—

'I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home.'?

And do we not all need the protection of our great Fatherland?

'Dangers and sorrows stand
Round us on every hand.'

But we cannot fairly lay claim to the help that is ready for us unless we are enrolled as the loyal subjects of the Heavenly King—unless our names are 'written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'

There is nothing to pay. All we have to do is to give up our hearts and wills to God, begging him, for Jesus' sake, to cleanse us from our sins, and make us his faithful servants all our lives through. Then, whatever the trouble or wrong that grieves us, we can without fear, and with a certainty of sympathy and help, appeal to our Almighty Father-King to take our part against our enemies, whether they be in the world around us, or worse still, inside ourselves. Nothing is too small for him to notice; nothing too great or too difficult for his power; and the tiniest and youngest the poorest or the weakest of his subjects is just as important in his sight, and just as worth attending to and taking care of, as the wisest and grandest of them. He will fight for us and guard us as long as we are in this world, and take us safely to our beautiful home at last.

Isn't it a splendid thing to be enrolled ? — Jacey, in 'Children's Friend.'

The Children's Talk.

(By J. C. Bateham.)

'That's my church bell, Dotty; now in half an hour the meeting will begin. Mamma, may I invite John and Mary to come ? 'cause we are going to have a real meeting, and I want somebody to preach to besides Dotty.'

'Yes, Walter, you can go to the fence and invite them to meeting, but not to play, because it is Sabbath.'

'Ding-dong, ding-dong, the meeting is begun. We will sing, "Jesus loves me," and then we will say the Lord's Prayer.'

'Now we'll have a real sermon, and my text is, "God is good." What made me think of that was, last night when I got into the bath-tub, mamma asked me what I guessed was going to happen, and I said, "Oh, I know; our beautiful Sabbath is coming, so I must scrub clean and put on clean clothes in the morning and have a good time."

'And when I said my prayers I thanked God for being so good to everybody, for I guess everybody gets Sabbaths, and we don't go to school, and don't have to work, except to help mamma, and that's fun; and papa doesn't have to work, and he reads and tells us stories sometimes, and is real jolly, and we walk to church hold of hands, and he lets me look on the book when he sings, and I try to find out what the text is, and if I can't tell it papa says it to me. Dotty always goes to sleep, and I do pretty often after the text is done—mamma says I may.

'But now my firstly in the sermon is, that God is so good to us we must be good to him and do what he says. He loves the Sabbath because it makes us good, and we must love it because he wants us to; but I don't think we could help it when we get clean clothes, and papa, and church, and Sabbath-school, and goodies, and stories, and play meeting, and visits with mother, and Dotty gets her Sabbath-blocks and I get my picture book.

'Say, Johnnie, what do you get on Sabbath ?'

'Oh, I don't get much of anything different. I like Saturday a great deal better because I have more fun then.'

'Oh, you don't understand it at all; I do, for my mamma told me; and my nextly is, people that don't have any Sabbaths are heathen, and they don't read their bibles nor know how to be good; and if we stopped having Sabbath our papas would have to work all the time and get to be heathen, too. Of course, we have more fun Saturday, but we don't have such good times because the things aren't so good.

'If mammas let us play and do just the same on Sabbath, don't you see we shouldn't mind God and he wouldn't like that, and we shouldn't think about Jesus and love him, and we shouldn't hear the bible stories and have a good loving day.

'My mamma printed a card for me and hung it up, and it says, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," and she explained it to me and said the Sabbath was God's love day, and nobody must work more than they could help, nor play common plays, but learn about God and love him, and love everybody else, and let God love us. And then I printed under it, "Amen," 'cause mamma says that means I am going to try to do it.

'And my lastly is, we must pray to Jesus to help us "Remember," as the card says, and really do right even if we had rather do oth-

er things, and Jesus will truly love us more and more.

'Now let's sing, "O do not be discouraged for Jesus is your friend," and then the meeting will be done.'—'W C. T. U. Leaflet.'

Daddy's Warren's Poppies.

'I wish I had a few of those poppies, Daddy Warren,' sounded in Bert's frank little voice, from the region of the front gate.

Daddy Warren responded crossly. Perhaps it was the broiling hot August afternoon that made him feel cross. Perhaps he realized what a forlorn, lonely old man he was, living by himself in his little gray cottage, surrounded by beds and beds of scarlet poppies. At any rate he raised himself from his chair till he could see the blue band on Bert's white sailor hat, and then he shook his cane and cried out, 'Get out, you bad little boy! You can't have nary a poppy, nor a seed.'

There was a sudden silence, but Daddy Warren detected no stir of retreat at the front gate.

'Hey!' he called, 'aint you gone?'

'No,' replied Bert's cheerful little voice. 'I'm waiting for you to change your mind. Aunt Jane sometimes changes hers, when her head aches and she speaks quick. Does your head ache?' Bert's tone had a confidingness in it that was irresistible.

'Come in,' said Daddy, shortly, and as he stepped promptly within the gate he looked him over with a softening of his gnarled old face.

'You're a city boy, ain't you? Now, what do you want o' my poppies? Don't you know I sell my poppies? No, no. Can't give away flowers in this village. Lor, they'd lug off the roots and the seed-pods.'

Bert's face fell. 'Sell them, do you?' he said. 'I haven't any pennies left in my bank. Not a one. Oh, dear!'

'Always sell 'em,' returned Daddy Warren, firmly. 'But what be you so crazy about poppies for?'

'There's a fellow I know who worked in the livery, and a horse stepped on his foot and hurt it awfully, and he lives way back where its so hot and dusty. Yesterday I took him a big bunch of waterlilies, and to-day I thought I'd give him—'

'My poppies, hey?' interrupted Daddy Warren, dryly. 'Givin' other folks's property for charity.'

Bert felt himself painfully rebuked, and his gaze fell. Suddenly he lifted his little flushed face.

'Daddy Warren,' he said, 'this fellow I know has been so good to me, and he loves flowers so, — I have a little puppy all my own—though Aunt Jane says he's a nuisance. Could I—could I pay him for poppies? He's a nice puppy, and I love him.'

Daddy pulled at his pipe two or three times, and said slowly, looking hard at Bert:

'Yes, you bring me your puppy and you kin have a whoppin' bunch of poppies. A trade's a trade, though. Poppies'll die, but the puppy is mine.'

Bert never hesitated, but ran off to Aunt Jane's stables. In twenty minutes he was back, and laid the little black and tan Dachshund in Daddy's lap.

'Aunt Jane said, "Yes, indeed, sell him," when I asked her,' he declared, breathlessly.'

Daddy's old hands were fondling the dog. His face looked eager. His dim eyes brightened.

'See here, little chap, I was only a-tryin' you,' he said, 'You can go an' pick every blessed poppy a-blowin', if you want to—and oh, I should like this little dog. He'd be sech company for a lonely old man! Can't I buy him of you? He's a good breed, and worth more'n my poppies.' Daddy's changed tone reached Bert's heart instantly.'

'I'll tell you!' he cried, clapping his hands. 'You give me some poppies, and I'll give you my dog. I'd love to give him to you, and I can come and see him, and all three of us can be friends! Won't that be nice, Daddy Warren?'

'You're an odd chap, sonny,' said Daddy, hiding the glad look in his old face with a feeble attempt to be gruff. 'I can't see you here too often, and I've got lots of curiosities I can show you. I've been a seafarin' man, you know. Now, lad, let's see you pick poppies,' he ended briskly.

Poor sick Jimmie had his heart and eyes gladdened with a glorious bunch of flowers an hour later. And at bed time Bert said, Aunt Jane, 'I've made a beautiful new friend.'

'Who?' asked his aunt, curiously.

'Daddy Warren.'

She stooped and kissed her nephew to hide a smile.

'It took you, darling, to find a beautiful friend in cross old Daddy Warren,' she said.—Lillian L. Price, in 'Youth's Companion.'

How the Beggar Taught the King.

(By James Raymond Perry.)

One day a King, in irritated mood,
Grew angry at his Minister of State,
And spoke and acted in a way quite rude
And not at all becoming one so great.

The Minister was vexed, yet was afraid
To vent his passion on the ill-bred King;
But afterward, to ease his mind, he made
His secretary wroth at some sharp fling.

The secretary cooled his temper by
Berating one who served about the house;
The servant, angered, dared not make reply,
And took the scolding quiet as a mouse,

But raved and swore a moment later when
He found a beggar at the palace gate.
'Be off,' he cried, 'and don't you dare again
Come here, or you will meet a sorry fate!'

The beggar smiled, but not an angry smile—
A smile transfiguring his careworn face;
The servant, softened, stood and mused a while,
And marvelled at the man's forgiving grace.

When next the secretary sharply spoke
The servant met him in a better mood,
And in the secretary's breast awoke
The consciousness that he was harsh and rude.

And so, in turn, he answered pleasantly
When next the Minister indulged a sneer;
The Minister was quick his fault to see,
And frankly owned it, like a noble peer.

And when the King, sour-tempered and still vexed,
Rebuked once more his Minister of State,
The latter's unoffended mien perplexed
And sobered off the royal potentate.

He thanked the statesman for the lesson taught,
And vowed that it should last him for a while;
But neither King nor statesman ever thought
They'd learned their lesson through a beggar's smile!

—'The Independent.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON XI.

MENTAL EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.

Q.—How does beer-drinking affect the mind?

A.—No one who drinks much beer is so strong mentally as he would be without it.

Q.—What is the common result?

A.—Stupidity and dullness, which can often be seen in the expression of the face.

Q.—Where do we see the direct effect of beer-drinking on the power to study?

A.—In the scholars of our public schools who get beer with their lunch at noon.

Q.—How does it affect them?

A.—It makes them lazy, and often so stupid that they cannot study at all.

Q.—Do not good students sometimes drink beer?

A.—If they do, we may be sure they would study better without it.

The Printer Lad's Tobacco.

(By Julia Colman.)

'Well, Fred, how do you like printing?'

'Pretty well, thank you.'

He answered so quietly that I looked up to see what was the matter, when I noticed a pair of glasses in his hand.

'What are you doing with those glasses, Fred?'

'I don't know but I shall have to wear them or give up the printing. My eyes hurt me, and I'm growing near-sighted all the time.'

I reached out my hand for the glasses, and then Fred went back to the door for a moment, as if he had forgotten something. I guessed why he went. I inquired further about his eyes, and then asked him, rather suddenly, if he ever thought that using tobacco might hurt his eyes.

He colored and stammered, and finally said he didn't see how it could reach his eyes.

'Why,' I said,' your eyes, like the rest of your body, are fed or poisoned with what you put into your mouth. Tobacco is taken into the blood, and goes all through the body. It affects the nerves the most; and if the nerves of the eye are weak, it will affect them. Did you ever notice how many tobacco-users wear glasses?'

'Well, yes, it is a poison, I suppose, and it may hurt some; but I don't see how it hurts me.'

Nineteen out of twenty tobacco-users would probably have made just such a foolish reply. I talked with him several times about it, and finally hired him to give it up. I have not much faith in hiring any one to do right; but I thought it was the tobacco that hurt his eyes, and I wished to convince him of it. True enough, his eyes grew better, and after a few months were as well as ever. He acknowledged that the tobacco must have hurt them, and he felt better every way without it. I urged him to stick to his pledge; for he had made a solemn promise never to touch it again, and now he protested he was willing to do anything for the sake of his precious eyes. He did well for a while, and then I lost sight of him, until last week I met him, glasses and all, with a companion, both smoking away like dirty chimneys.

Tobacco-using is hard to cure, I know—some say harder than drinking. But if Fred had been in good company, if he had joined one of those Boys' Anti-Tobacco Leagues, where they have such good times, he might have been saved. But it is almost certain that he would never have fallen into the hurtful habit if he had joined them before he commenced.—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Killing Time.

'Spare a copper, sir; I'm starving,' said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night—'Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you.'

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:—

'You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay for your lodging.'

'I'm afraid I could hardly do that,' the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

'Try, man, try,' added the gentleman. 'Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth.'

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and thinking for nearly a minute, said:—

'To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to "kill time." When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was only to be one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me.'

'I believe the story,' replied the gentleman; 'and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you, indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with new courage.'—'The Young.'

Whiskey Did it.

The following true tale of the work of the whiskey demon is recorded:

'I didn't do it; God knows I didn't do it; whiskey did it.'

Such a wail as came from the boy! And he was only a boy, for what else is a lad of nineteen?

And now he stood there on the sidewalk wringing his hands and crying out in agony, and the officer's hand was on his shoulder, and the noisy crowd was about him crying out, too. 'He's killed him,' said one; 'let's hang him to a lamp-post.'

'Oh, mother, mother,' wailed the boy, 'wake up! Oh, I've killed her, too; let me go to her.'

'Come with me,' said the officer, 'somebody else 'll take care of your mother, and we'll take care of you.'

'I didn't do it; God knows I didn't; the whiskey did it!' cried the boy, as the officer led him away.

No, he had not done it, and the whiskey had; but the law does not try whiskey.

Whiskey had not followed the man out of the saloon and beat his brains out with a piece of board. The boy had not really done it, either; for he had not known what he did, and when he was himself nothing could have induced him to do such a deed. And yet he was the motor, or rather whiskey was the motor and he the machine it moved. He was the one who went to prison. His mother was the one who lay dead from grief. It was his hand that bore the stain of a mother's blood. And whiskey did it.

And men in that town allowed it to be done. It made business lively. 'There can be no town without liquor; that is, no town of any life,' they said.

Yes, business was made lively, the saloon-keeper had something to do, then the officer of the law had the pleasure of taking the boy to jail, the coroner had the excitement of an inquest, and the undertaker sold two coffins. Grim sort of business, isn't it? But that is the kind whiskey furnishes.—'Religious Telescope.'

A Temperance Cook.

(A recitation for a little girl.)

I am but a young schoolgirl now,
As I suppose you see;
But when I'm quite grown up, I know
What I intend to be.

I mean to be a cook; in fact,
To learn I have begun,
For we have lessons at our school,
And, oh, it is such fun!

We make among us rolls of bread,
And pudding, pie and cake,
While the Board gentlemen oft praise
The meat we boil or bake.

But then there are so many things
Which people eat or drink,
That it will be a long, long time
Ere I know all, I think.

But mother says if I try hard,
And to try hard I mean,
I one day may prepare a meal
Fit for a king or queen.

And, oh, I say, will it not be nice
When I can take a book,
And read the names—both French and plain—
And what I like can cook?

There's one thing, though, I don't intend
In any dish to use,
And that's strong drink—which mother says
'Tis better to refuse.

For if, as we are sometimes told,
The strength evaporates
In cooking it, the taste is left
Too often in our plates.

And so my Christmas puddings grand,
And all I do shall be
From every trace of alcohol,
With all its dangers, free.

I'll show sick folks and well that jams
And jellies need not wine
To make them tasty, rich, and sweet,
Or make them brightly shine.

And when I'm through—who knows?—some day,
As many ladies do,
I'll lectures give, and others teach
To cook for temperance, too.

And if from kitchen and from store,
And from the feast-board, we
At length should banish drink, oh, then,
How very glad I'd be.
—'Temperance Record.'

LESSON VI.—November 7.

Paul in Melita and Rome.

Acts xxviii., 1-16. Commit vs. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.'—Rom. viii., 28.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxviii., 1-16—'Paul in Melita and Rome.'
T. Luke x., 1-20—'Nothing shall.....hurt you.'
W. Mark xvi., 9-20—'They shall lay hands on the sick.'
Th. Jas. v., 13-20—'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.'
F. Rom i., 1-15—Paul's great desire to visit Rome.
S. Eph. vi., 10-24—I am an Ambassador in Bonds.'
S. Rom. viii., 16-39—Nothing separates from Christ's Love.

Lesson Story.

The shipwrecked company all reached the shore safely. Fortunately the natives of Melita, the island they had come to, were friendly and kindly disposed toward them. They lighted a fire to warm and dry them and treated them with all hospitality.

A wonderful thing happened as Paul was helping to gather sticks for the fire. A viper or serpent, roused by the heat of the fire, sprang from the faggot and fastened on Paul's hand. Now the sting of this little reptile is most venomous, causing death almost instantly. Therefore the natives at once decided that Paul must be a murderer or some great criminal and that Providence had chosen this way of causing his death. Paul, however, shook off the viper into the fire without feeling any harm from it. When the people saw that the viper had not harmed Paul, they thought that he must be a god to work such a miracle.

Publius, the governor of the island, entertained Paul and his company for three days at his own house. The father of Publius was very ill with fever and dysentery; Paul prayed and laid his hands upon him, and he was healed. When the people of Melita heard of this, they brought many of their sick friends to Paul to be healed. After staying at the island for three months, the shipwrecked party took passage in a ship called Castor and Pollux. The Melitans provided everything they needed for the journey, and sent them off with 'many honors.'

After spending three days at Syracuse in Sicily, they went on to Regium, on the south coast of Italy. Two days later they landed at Puteoli, from whence the rest of the journey to Rome was by land. They spent a week with Christian friends at Puteoli, and going on, met Christians from Rome who had come as far as Appii Forum and Three Taverns to meet Paul.

With what joy and thankfulness Paul must have met these friends from Rome—Rome toward which his heart had so long yearned. The thought gave him fresh courage after all his hardships, and he thanked God that he at last was in sight of Rome. On his arrival at Rome the prisoners were given over to the captain of the guard, but Paul was allowed to live in a house by himself with us just one soldier to guard him.

Lesson Hymn.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Thro' waves and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?

Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on His throne—
He ruleth all things well.

Lesson Hints.

Melita, or Malta—a little island about sixty miles south of Sicily and about two hundred miles from the northern coast of Africa. The island was governed by the Romans at that time and the inhabitants were of African origin. 'Barbarous people'—natives, not savages as the word implies now.

'Viper'—a venomous reptile with deadly sting. 'No harm'—God's servants are immortal till their work is done. Paul proved the truth of our Lord's own words. 'Signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; They shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.'—(Mark xvi., 17, 18.)

'Healed him'—God worked many miracles through Paul, that he might with power proclaim the gospel.

'After three months'—November, December and January.

'Castor and Pollux'—The Twin Brothers. A constellation supposed to be specially favorable to sailors.

'Syracuse'—a famous and wealthy city of Sicily. 'Fetched a compass,' took a roundabout way.

'Puteoli'—on the bay of Naples, a busy commercial town.

'Appii Forum'—still over forty miles from Rome, but near enough to make Paul's heart throb with gratitude. 'Rome'—the capital at that time of all the civilized world.

Search Questions.

Tell how Paul was delivered from death on four different occasions.

Primary Lesson.

A ship to sail safely must have three things—a chart, a compass, and a pilot. A chart is a map or picture of the way to go, showing where the rocks and unsafe waters are, so that they can be avoided; and showing the quiet waters, the safe way for the ship to go. A compass points north and south, east and west, and tells in which direction the ship is sailing.

A compass would be useless without a chart or without a pilot who knows the way.

Our souls are like little ships on the great ocean of life. Our conscience is the compass that points out the way we are going. The bible is the chart that shows us which is the right way to go and how to avoid the rocks and other dangers. The Holy Spirit is our pilot and guide, teaching us the meaning of the chart and steering our ship safely along.

A great many people have tried to steer their own ships simply by their conscience. But the compass is useless without the chart—the compass may tell us that we are sailing north, but it does not tell us what dangers there are in the north and how to avoid them. It is not safe to sail without a chart, conscience alone is not a sufficient guide. A heathen may follow his conscience and yet be living a very wicked life.

Many Christians are trying to steer their own ships along toward heaven. They have the compass and the chart and they feel themselves quite safe. They know that they will reach heaven safely at last, even if they do run on a few rocks and get a good deal battered on the way. They are doing the best they know how, but they lack something. They lack the full understanding of the chart, they are sailing without the Pilot who knows the way and explains the chart. Our Lord has sent his Holy Spirit on purpose to guide us safely through life. If we let him take charge of our lives, all will come right, for he will lead us in just the way God wants us to go.

Those who try to steer by the compass without chart or pilot run into dangerous waters and generally come to grief on some rock or other. The only way we can be sure of keeping safely away from the rocks and dangers of life, is to ask God to guide us every day and all the time by His Holy Spirit.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Praise Him! Praise Him!' 'God moves in a mysterious way,' 'Oh, God, our Help in ages past,' 'When the storms of life,' 'Throw out the Life-line,' 'God will take care of you.'

Search Questions.

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

Acts xxviii., 1-16.

While a man's life is in danger, his geographical position is not thought of. Verse 1.

The barbarians were courteous though ignorant and superstitious. Paul's hands ministered to his necessities, and the outcome of his miraculous faith struck terror into the hearts of the heathen. Verses 2-6.

They who receive God's servants in His name will in no wise lose their reward. Verses 7, 8.

'When Jesus has found you tell others the story.' Some will be attracted and won for the King and the reflex influence will be refreshing. Verses 9, 10.

Many a kind word has been said and many a loving deed performed of which the only record is in Heaven. Verses 11, 12.

How exhilarating to the weary pilgrim to find here and there on his upward path a fellow traveller with whom he may hold sweet communion. Verses 13-15.

Paul, though possibly small in stature and unattractive in his physical features, was the possessor of a gigantic intellect, strong convictions and deep spirituality. Hence verse 16, also Acts 23, 24.

Tiverton, Ont.

Answers to Search Questions

The answers to these are very good this month. Some are so much better than others that we have again divided them into two classes. There are still those who send too many or too few answers for one month at a time. We would ask our friends to be careful about this, as it causes extra work and is apt to put them in the second list instead of the first. Some of the answers are clearly and beautifully written, others are almost illegible.

Among those who have sent in the best papers are: Emma Moore, Louis G. Hamilton, Mary Lydia Crisp, Violet Haley Goodwin, Leila Duffin, Lizzie C. Brown, Cora May Sider, James E. Gray, Etta M. Rogers, Helen Bentham.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mrs. P. Harper, Kate H. Moorehead, Jennie Ross, Elizabeth Ann Craig, Helen de Witt Laurence, Ella C. Anderson, Maude Peach, Emma Killam, Grace D. Allan.

Grace D. Allan sent in a good paper for July; and Emma Killam one for August.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Nov. 7—Influence—why to get it, how to get it, how to use it.—Deut. 20: 1-9; Matt. 5: 13-16.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Nov. 7—How can we get influence and how should we use it? Matt. 5: 13-16.

Regarding Sunday-schools, says a Nebraska writer, I am far from echoing the cry, 'The old days were better than these.' That could not be, in any movement in which man is trying, however haltingly, to keep in step with the Almighty. But did not those days hold much which we have neglected to take with us? Notably, the practice of memorizing Scripture. A mind stored in childhood with God's very words is supplied against the needs of a lifetime with an armor of defence against the adversary, and the sword of the Spirit wherewith to resist him; strength in time of weakness, assurance in doubt, comfort in sorrow. These are God's children—these restless, irrepressible creatures—into each of whom he has breathed his divine life, and there, though hidden under levity or indifference, it sleeps, awaiting the awakening voice of its Father, heard through his Holy Word. No human utterances have this power which abides in the words of him who said:—'My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Motherhood.

Good-bye, little boy, good-bye,
I never had thought of this,
That some day I'd vainly sigh
For the baby I used to kiss.
That into his corner a man would grow,
And I should not miss him nor see him go,
Till all of a sudden the scales would fall,
And one be revealed to me, straight and tall,
Then I should be startled, and sadly cry:
'Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!'

Good-bye, little boy, good-bye,
You are going despite my tears.
You can not, and neither can I,
Successfully cope with the years.
They fit the burden that all must bear,
And then, at their pleasure, they place it there.
I love you, too, but my heart is sore
For the child who has gone to return no more,
And deep in my bosom I sadly cry:
'Good-bye, little boy, good-bye!"
—Isabel Richy, in 'New England Farmer.'

Borrowing Books.

(By Emma Churchman Hewitt.

Do you borrow jewellery from your schoolmates. One can never know when an accident may happen to it. A few years ago, a ring so borrowed contained a valuable stone. It was only worn a few short hours, but in that time a jewel which it took forty dollars to replace had been irretrievably lost. It had disapperaed, no one could imagine where. But this is not what we were to talk about to-day. 'Borrowing books' was the theme. There is no earthly objection to either lending or borrowing a book. It is the one kind of borrowing of which I heartily approve—with certain restrictions. These restrictions are two, it should be well cared for and returned as soon as read.

Taking the latter restriction first, let us consider whether it be possible to be more careful than we are. If we have a book from a public library, we read it in the prescribed time, because we know if we do not there will be a fine to pay. But if we borrow from a friend, are we careful to finish in a reasonable time? Most of us are not. We think that as long as a book is borrowed instead of out of the library, we can keep it any time, and therefore we keep it and keep it instead of finishing it and returning it so that someone else may have the advantage of it. There are certain people in this world, dear, good, sweet people in other respects, who are so easy going in this one that their friends positively dread lending them a book, never knowing when they shall see it again.

Now, Edna, I have something to say to you personally, but it shall be said so low that the others cannot hear. What did you do with that pretty blue book you borrowed of Isabel yesterday? Ah, you blush! You do not know. You have been looking for it everywhere to-day. I have been watching your troubled countenance, and I have been wicked enough to be rather glad you were so troubled, for it seemed as if you needed a good lesson to make you careful of other people's possessions. While you were searching upstairs and downstairs so quietly but so diligently, for fear you would receive another well-merited rebuke from your mother, the pretty blue book was resting quietly in a bureau drawer, where it was put by myself. Do you know where I found it? Lying open, face downward, on a chair, and on top of it Baby's little spade, covered with garden soil. Baby had no business to bring his spade into the house, you say. That I quite grant you, but you, who are twelve years older, are quite old enough to know that that does not excuse you for your carelessness with a borrowed book.

Many people are like myself—a book to me is a personal friend, breathing of something which is entirely apart from the subject matter within. I even confess to a weakness for second-hand books. An absolutely new book has half the charm that those have which look as if they had been lived with and loved for themselves. To have this atmosphere, however, a book must be well treated and well preserved. It ruins a book to lay it face down, even if Baby does not put his little spade upon it.

The moment you bring a borrowed book into the house, even if it should only have a paper cover (more particularly, in fact, if it has a paper cover, for they are so delicate), it should at once be covered with stiff paper. Then you are sure that a drop of water will not mar it, and that careless handling by any of the family or servants will not soil it. When you are not reading it, it should be carefully laid upon a shelf or in a drawer where it is free from harm. If these two things are observed and books are returned in a reasonable time, you will find all your friends willing to share their treasures with you.—'Christian Work.'

Quarrelsome People.

Some people are born with quarrelsome tendencies, but by far the greater number of those who spend their time in petty contentions have a quarrelsome disposition thrust upon them in childhood. Take, for example, a family in which there is a habit of bickering over trifles. One person announces at breakfast that Uncle Robert and Aunt Amanda are coming to call to-day after their drive from the farm and their visit at Cousin Sue's. Another instantly declares that the two relatives have no intention whatever of calling at Cousin Sue's, and a third says they are coming to-morrow and not to-day. The matter in dispute could be easily settled by a reference to the letter which gave the information, but nobody thinks of this, and the household is agitated and upset by an undignified and absurd squabble, to no purpose whatever.

Worse, still, the home atmosphere is disturbed, and the children learn to be cross and contradictory, human nature being prone to learn the worse rather than the better thing on every possible occasion.

It is a good rule in home life to avoid all arguments which tend to irritate or wound. Blessings on the memory of a saint of ninety years who once said to me, I being a girl of fifteen at the time:—'Dear child, never insist on the last word about anything. It isn't worth while. You can keep your own opinion, but let your friend express his if he wants to, and refuse for your part to quarrel about a trifle.'—'Baltimore Advocate.'

Good Reading.

Many of our schools make far too little of the study of reading. If correct habits and tastes for reading are not acquired when young, they are never acquired. The mental associates of any person have more to do with his character, his happiness, or misery, and his eternal welfare, than his material associates. In these days of cheap books and free libraries, there is little excuse for a person to read bad books, except the ignorance that they are bad. Read for knowledge, for the strengthening of all that is best in you, for elevation of your ideals, for the appreciation of nobility, virtue, goodness, for we grow like that which we admire. That book is good, that does you good. That book is bad, that in any way lowers your tone of mind, morals and manners. Read for the training of the imagination, that God-given reproductive power of the mind; read for rest and recreation. Discriminate in reading as you would in choosing friends. One writer says, 'A student should be as careful of what books he reads as of what company he keeps; they both leave the same tincture on the mind.' Do you know the fearful power of memory, that no impression made upon the mind can ever be effaced? See to it that you have no mental furnishing which will appear before you uncalled and unwelcome. I have heard people say, 'It doesn't make any difference if I do read trash—I forget it right away.' You may seem to forget, but trashy reading does its work upon some mental power. When there are so many beautiful, true, good, uplifting thoughts and people to know in literature, why store your mind with the low, the impure, the trash? Why associate with those characters in literature, that you would shun with abhorrence in real life, or blush to own as acquaintances? Some books are seemingly attractive, filled with the lurid glow of money, power, fashion, and what passes for love—but the only virtuous characters are weak, unattractive creatures, without the power that God has given to virtue and uprightness. One feels as if needing a bath after reading such books, and rinsing the mouth to get the taste out. There are such books by popular authors, called 'nice' by many who ought to know better. Don't read anything that in any way tends to unfit you for the plain, simple, everyday, God-given duties of life. 'A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, 'This will never do. I get too much excited over it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river.' That was the boy who became Fichte, the great German philosopher.'—'Helping Hand.'

Fault-Finding.

A single pithy quotation which many of us would do well to print in gilt letters and tack in the most conspicuous part of our very own apartment is, 'Strive to learn the hard lesson of admiring rather than criticizing.' To find fault seems so much easier than to praise. The husband grumbles at the luke-warm, muddy coffee on Monday morning, but forgets to praise the excellence of the clear, strong, smoking-hot beverage on the six other days in the week. The mistress tells the maid of the undusted chair, but does not notice the shining glass and silver. The school-teacher condemns the blotted copy, and passes without mentioning the correct example in arithmetic. The mother at her work, calls impatiently to her boys when a door is slammed, and bids them 'be quiet,' never giving a thought to the silence that has reigned in the house for the past hour, during which time quiet plays have been the rule in the nursery, so that 'dear mamma,' will not be disturbed. After the harsh word has been uttered it is too late to make it as if it had never been. Salve may soothe a wound, but it does not banish all pain and smooth away the scar. While to repress the indignant sentence of disapproval may cause an actual struggle with inclination and temper, this struggle does not leave behind it the poignant pain that does the memory of our hasty criticism and our tardy praise.'—'Bazar.'

Selected Recipes

Caramel Custard. — Let a cupful of light brown sugar melt and brown in a saucepan over a moderate fire, stirring constantly to prevent burning; when well browned pour over it half a coffee-cupful of boiling water, let it simmer slowly; beat four eggs, add a pinch of salt and a quart of new milk; when the caramel is melted add it to the milk and stir well, pour in custard cups and bake in a dripping pan of hot water in a quick oven about half an hour; serve cold.

Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs and flour enough not to make too stiff; add four tart apples chopped fine; fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.

Sponge Jelly Cake.—Beat together the yolks of five eggs, one cupful of sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon; add the whites of the eggs, well-beaten, a cupful of flour, with which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, and pour into jelly pans. Bake in a quick oven till done. Spread jelly over the bottom of the cake and lay one cake over the other, and sprinkle sugar on top, or frosting, if preferred.

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